THE WIND WAGON

by

DAVID CORY

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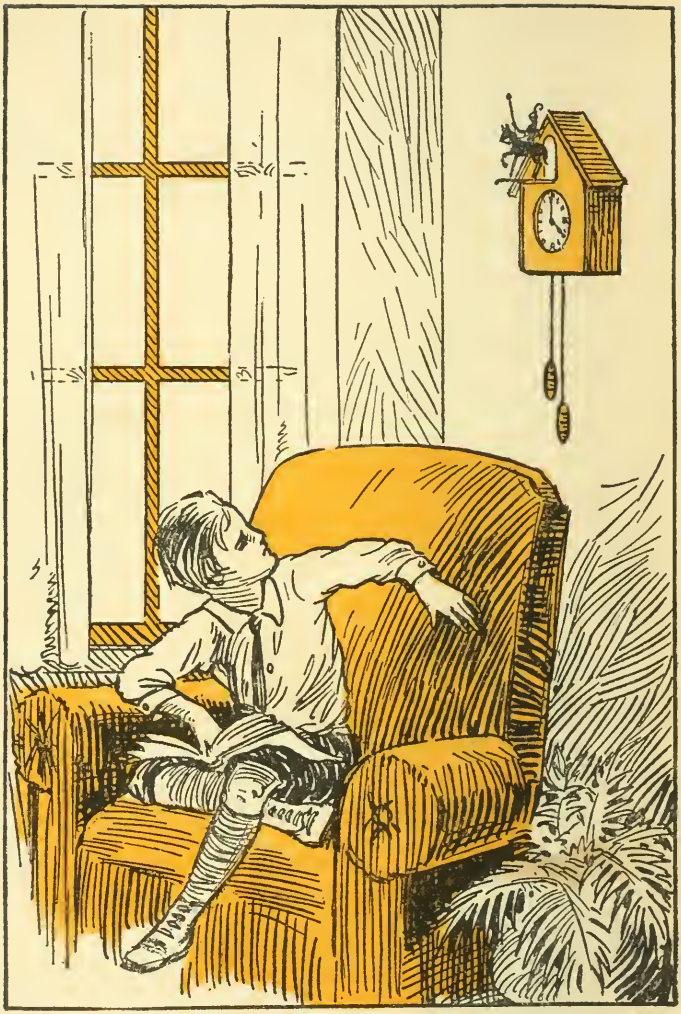


INSTEAD OF THE CUCKOO CALLING THE HOUR
THERE STOOD A KNIGHT IN ARMOR.

The Wind Wagon. *Frontispiece.*

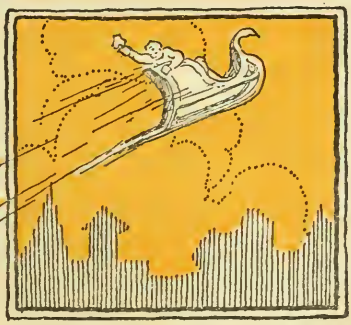
LITTLE JOURNEYS TO HAPPYLAND

THE WIND WAGON

By

DAVID CORY

AUTHOR OF
THE LITTLE JACK RABBIT SERIES



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P. H. WEBB

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HERO LAND

ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived a boy who was called Little Hero. Of course his real name was Peter, but his father hoped that some day he would grow up to be a great man, and that then his name would fit him like the armor fitted Sir Launcelot of the Lake.

This little boy's father was a great student and had a large library filled with

books about old Greek and Roman heroes. Here Little Hero spent many an hour reading about these wonderful men who inhabited the earth and sky and sea.

One day as he sat curled up in his father's big armchair reading a book his eyes grew heavy. Dreamily raising them to look at the clock on the wall, to his surprise, instead of the cuckoo calling the hour, there stood a knight fully clad in armor, as in days of old.

One, two, three, he struck the hour with his sword upon his blazoned shield.

"Who-o-o are you?" asked Peter falteringly.

"I am the good Sir Launcelot," replied the knight.

"What's that noise?" asked Peter, as a strange sound came to his ears. Then it came again through the window: "Who-o-o!" Who-o-o!"

"It is the whistle of the Wind Wagon

calling to you to get aboard," replied the knight.

Peter ran to the window to find suspended in midair a silver chariot. Attached to the axles in place of wheels were four enormous pinwheels, which had caught up all the colors of the rainbow.

Again the whistle of the Wind Wagon sounded sharp and shrill: "Who-o-o! Who-o-o!"

"Hurry, Peter! This is your last chance to get aboard," cried the knight.

Peter climbed up on the window sill and stepped into the Wind Wagon. As soon as he was safely inside, the knight spoke again: "The Wind Wagon will take you swiftly into strange lands where you will meet the heroes of bygone days."

Then the rainbow colored pinwheels began to whir around and around, and away went the Wind Wagon above the clouds.

Little Hero leaned over and looked down. Below lay the great world, dotted with cities, and forests and mountains. How bright the colors glimmered in the pinwheels!

What was happening now? The pinwheels changed their tune. The whir grew softer, and with a dip that made Peter dizzy, the Wind Wagon landed safely on a grassy hillside.

Feeling a little cramped after his long journey, he stepped out, and found to his surprise a bright steel sword in his hand and a helmet with a flaming red feather on his head.

"Who-o-o! Who-o-o!" and Peter heard the whir of the pinwheels as slowly the Wind Wagon left the ground. Peter watched it till it was lost to sight among the clouds.

Where was he and what should he do now?

Suddenly he spied a man whose feet were those of a goat, playing on a flute. It was Pan, the musical shepherd. As the sweet music drifted through the forest a band of maidens gathered around him.

"We are the Naiads of the wood and stream," they said to Little Hero, for, of course, they saw he was a stranger.

"Round and round the laurel bush
We dance and sing to-day—
We can't keep still, nor the sparkling rill,
When Pan begins to play.

"For he sings of spring and each lovely thing
That blossoms fresh and new;
So around we go in a whirling row
Under the sky of blue."

"Come with me," said one of the Naiads to Little Hero, leading him to a huge tree.

It was so tall that it overtopped all the other trees, and its leaves were as broad as sails. And, while he stood admiring it, a giant came by with an ax in his hand.

"Ah, this tree will make me fine kindling wood," he roared, and his voice was so loud that the leaves trembled and the water from the stream spattered over the meadow.

The little nymph turned pale with fear, for she was the spirit of the tree.

"Don't cut it down," she begged, "for if it dies I shall perish, too."

But the Giant only laughed and swung his great ax.

"Stop!" cried Little Hero, drawing his sword. But the Giant only laughed louder than before, and I guess he would have chopped it up into kindling wood to carry home to his great big wife if Little Hero hadn't waved his magic flaming feather. Quick as a wink the Giant

dropped his ax, for the wooden handle was in flames.

"Who are you?" he roared, blowing on his hands to cool them. And, would you believe it? His breath was as strong as the wind and swept Little Hero's helmet off his head, and it would have fallen in the stream and floated out to the big wide ocean if Pan hadn't caught it.

"I'm Little Hero."

"Well, whoever you are," answered the Giant, "you have spoiled my ax handle," and he walked away with a great scowl on his face.

"How brave of you," said the little nymph to Hero. "If I were only immortal like my sisters of the mountain and the sea, I would not fear the Giant."

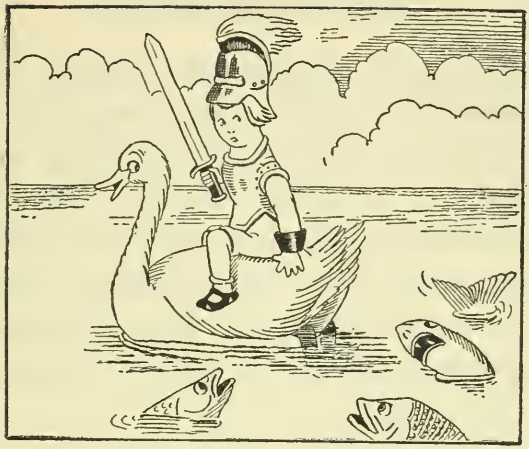
Just then across the meadow came a beautiful woman, carrying in her arms a bundle of wheat. "I shall punish this Giant," said Ceres, for that was her name.

"I will summon the Dragon, called Famine, who shall starve this cruel Giant, unless he promise not to molest the forest trees, and to gather up only the fallen branches for fuel."

Pretty soon Pan commenced to play his beautiful music, when the little Naiad smiled again and joined her sisters in the dance.

PANDORA

The Swan saved Little Hero from the Great Fish.



PANDORA

As Little Hero wandered through the forest, he saw a tiny flower, purple within, and surrounded with white leaves. But when he stooped to pick it, an old man with a long white beard said, "That flower was once a beautiful boy," and he sighed, "Ah, me!" and from the distance came a voice, soft and low, "Ah, me!"

" 'Tis Echo, mourning for Narcissus," explained the old man sadly. "Many

years ago the nymph loved a youth called Narcissus, but he ran away from her until, at last, she died of grief; only her voice remains to echo from the rocky places."

After the old man had gone, Little Hero called out, "Helloa, helloa!" and a voice replied, "Helloa, helloa!" and he knew that Echo had answered him from her rocky dell.

By and by Little Hero came to a great lake, on which rested a stately swan.

"O snow white swan, take me across
This water deep and wide.
I have no boat, so ferry me
Safe to the other side,"

sang Little Hero. But, oh, dear me! No sooner had he and the swan reached the middle of the lake, than all of a sudden, a voice came out of the water. It was the King of the lake speaking from his throne below:

"Who travels over my waters?"

"We must make haste," cried the swan, "for the King of the lake may send a regiment of fish to attack us."

Sure enough, before many minutes had passed, a number of great fish with wide, open mouths, swam towards them. But the swan made his paddle feet go so fast that in less time than I can take to tell it, he reached the shore and landed Little Hero safely on the beach.

Just then a pretty girl with a gold box in her hand ran towards them. "My name is Pandora," she said. "You needn't be afraid if I open this box, for it is not the same one my mother opened years ago. That was full of troubles, you know," and she smiled at Little Hero, while the big white swan, curious to see what was inside, tried to lift the cover with his yellow bill, but little Pandora wouldn't let him, for she wished Little

Hero to have the first look into the box.

"Are you sure there are no troubles left?" he asked with a smile, for he wasn't looking for trouble, let me tell you. He had grown wise enough to know that troubles look for you, even in Fairy Land, although I'm not so sure about that myself, for I've never been there except in dreams.

"Come closer and you shall have a peep," said Pandora, nestling up to Little Hero just as though she had always known him.

"Careful, little comrade," cautioned the big white swan, bending over Little Hero's shoulder. And what do you suppose was inside that little gold box? A tiny white dove. Around its neck was a thin gold chain to which was fastened an envelope.

"It's a carrier pigeon," explained Pan-

dora, "and when it's twelve o'clock I shall let it fly away with my letter."

Pretty soon she opened wide the cover and away flew the little messenger bird.

"Good luck!" called out the big white swan, but Little Hero was too surprised to say anything.

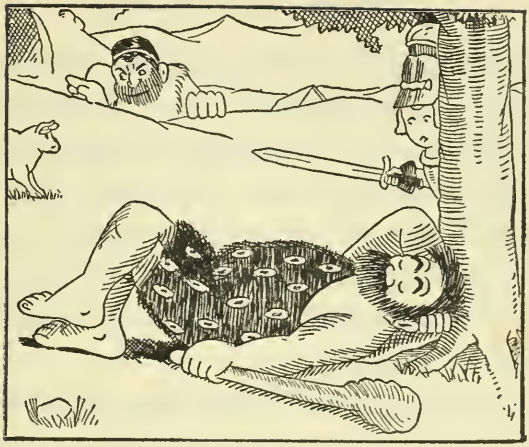
"When my little bird returns," said Pandora, "it will bring me an answer," and she laughed gayly, and closed the little gold box with a snap.

"What was in the letter?" asked Little Hero, at length finding his voice. But Pandora only laughed and said, "That's a secret!"

"She'll tell you in a minute," said the big swan, with a wink at Little Hero. But she didn't, so Little Hero said good-by and went upon his way, and the big white swan hurried back to the lake. As for little Pandora, she sat herself down on the sand to wait for the pigeon.

MR. HERCULES

"Wake up, Mr. Hercules," said Little Hero.



MR. HERCULES

"Have a care, have a care!
A robber giant lives in there.
Venture not within the cave,
Notwithstanding you are brave,"

sang a pretty yellow bird.

So Little Hero hurried on. Suddenly he almost stumbled over a man asleep beneath a tree. I suppose he had grown drowsy while watching his cattle who were

grazing nearby in the meadow. Just then the great giant rushed out of his cave and seized two of the animals. Now he was a very cunning sort of a giant, for he dragged them backwards by their tails so that their footprints in the soft ground made it seem that they had gone in the opposite direction.

As soon as Little Hero recovered from his surprise, he went up to the sleeping man and shook him by the arm:

"Wake up, Mr. Hercules," for that was the man's name, but how Little Hero knew it puzzles me, unless he remembered reading about Mr. Hercules in one of his father's books.

Well, anyway, up jumped Mr. Hercules as quick as a wink. And, goodness me! he was a strong man. He looked as strong as the giant, only of course he wasn't quite so big. When he learned

who had stolen his oxen, he ran straight to the cave and dared the giant to fight him. By and by the giant came out. But if he hadn't, I imagine Mr. Hercules would have dragged him out, he was so angry at losing his oxen.

Then a dreadful fight took place, and after a while the giant was killed. After that Mr. Hercules called to his oxen, who knew his voice and came out of the cave.

"Come with me," he said to Little Hero, "and I will show you some wonderful things."

"Thank you, sir," said Little Hero, "I will." This pleased Mr. Hercules, who patted Little Hero on the head. Then off they started for the West where the Golden Apples of the Evening Star grew in glittering splendor.

"'Tis a dangerous task," explained Mr. Hercules, "for the King of the West who

rules over the country called Hes-per-i-des, has a faithful dragon for a watch dog in his orchard."

"I'll help you," said Little Hero bravely, and by and by they came to the land of the Evening Star, which is the same as our beautiful West, where the sun goes to sleep on his purple and yellow pillows.

Well, for many days they hunted about, but were unable to find the place where the golden apples grew. You see, often when they thought they were close to the orchard of the Evening Star, the big golden sun went to bed on his purple couch, making it too dark for them to go farther, and Mr. Hercules and Little Hero would be forced to lie down and sleep until morning.

"We must do something and do it quick," at last exclaimed Mr. Hercules, looking about him. Not very far away,

on a mountain top, stood his friend Atlas, holding up the blue heavens on his broad shoulders.

"Get on my back," said Mr. Hercules to Little Hero, and in less time than I can take to tell it, he had climbed up the mountain to explain to his friend Atlas what he wanted.

Now Mr. Atlas was dreadfully tired holding up the blue sky, and he agreed to get the golden apples if Little Hero would take his place. This made Mr. Hercules laugh, and he gave Mr. Atlas a dig in the ribs and told him he was a joker.

"I'll take your place if you'll hurry and get the apples," said Mr. Hercules, when he was tired laughing, and he stood up beside his friend and placed his strong shoulders under the sky.

Mr. Atlas then hurried down the mountain, and pretty soon he came to the garden where grew the wonderful apples.

Of course they were the most beautiful apples in all the world, for it was here the sun went to sleep, under the branches, and his golden rays gave them their wonderful tint.

Well, I don't know just how Mr. Atlas managed to pick those apples, for Mr. Hercules was in such a hurry to get from under the blue heavens that he never asked him, but put them in his pocket and ran down the mountain side with Little Hero on his shoulder. When they reached the valley a poor shepherd told them that a ferocious lion was roaming about, eating the lambs and goats.

"Here is an adventure for you and me," exclaimed Mr. Hercules, sharpening the points on his great club. Just as he finished counting the arrows in his quiver, there came a tremendous roar, and there stood the ferocious lion.

Alas! The arrows of Mr. Hercules

MR. HERCULES KILLED THE LION.

never even pierced that lion's tawny hide, and the club of Mr. Hercules bounced off that tawny hide like a rubber hose. It soon would have been all over with Mr. Hercules if he hadn't grasped the lion around the throat and strangled him to death. This you need not think at all strange, for Mr. Hercules was the strongest man of his day. When he was but a little baby in the cradle he squeezed the life out of two snakes. And I could tell you lots more about him if I had the space, but I must get on with my story, for I know you're anxious to hear what happened after that.

"Now, my little friend," said Mr. Hercules, after he had skinned the lion, "I must give this skin to a man who has commanded me to do twelve acts of strength."

So off they started, and by and by they came to the town where the man lived. But when he saw the great lion's skin

over Mr. Hercules' shoulder, he was so frightened that he begged him not to come any closer.

After that Mr. Hercules and Little Hero went upon their way until they came to a country called Argos, where they heard about a monster with nine heads called Hydra.

On seeing Mr. Hercules, it rushed at him with its nine mouths wide open. And no sooner did Mr. Hercules knock off a head with his great club than two more grew in its place. Wasn't that discouraging?

"What shall I do?" asked Mr. Hercules. For answer Little Hero touched that dreadful monster with his flaming feather and at once all its heads burnt up like paper,—all except one, which Mr. Hercules buried under a huge rock, and that was the end of that dreadful monster.

After that Mr. Hercules and Little

Hero set off together in search of further adventure, and in a few minutes you shall hear what happened next,—that is, unless Mrs. Hercules sends her husband a wireless to come home before I can write the next chapter.

ANOTHER TASK

A Two-headed Dog and a Big Giant stood on guard.

ANOTHER TASK

"Now the next task which I must perform," said Mr. Hercules to Little Hero as they journeyed on together, "is to bring back with me the oxen that live on an island in the West, close to the setting sun." By and by Mr. Hercules and Little Hero came to a great high mountain.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Hercules, "It's too much trouble to climb that hill," so he split it in two with his great club,

and ever since the geographies call the water that flows between the Straits of Gibraltar. So please don't forget when you study your lessons that it was Mr. Hercules who made the Rock of Gibraltar.

Well, after a while, they came to the island where the oxen were. But, goodness me! There on guard stood a fierce two-headed shepherd dog and a big giant, besides.

"More trouble, and then some more," sighed Mr. Hercules. But he wasn't discouraged. No, sir. He sharpened the points on his great club and after a terrible fight killed the giant and his dog. After that, of course, he had no trouble at all to drive the oxen back to his home.

Mrs. Hercules was very polite to Little Hero when she learned that he had burned up the dreadful Hydra, and invited him to spend the week-end, but Little Hero said no, he must be on his way.

By and by he came to the country of the Pygmies. They were only thirteen inches tall and when working in the fields the tops of the cornstalks waved high above their heads. Suddenly, a great flock of cranes swooped down and began to steal the ears of corn.

"Help us, Little Hero!" cried the dwarfs. Hero at once waved his flaming feather, and away flew the cranes.

It was now evening, and as he was weary with his journey, he sat himself down on a rock by the ocean to rest. And while he sat there, Neptune, the King of the Ocean, drove by in his chariot drawn by horses with brazen hoofs and golden manes. In his hand was a three-pointed spear, with which he stirs up the waters.

"King of the stormy sea am I,
And I rule the storms that sweep the sky,

And stir up the waves to beat on the shore,—
Oh, I'm King of the Sea when the billows roar!"

Then a man came wading through the water. On his head was a bright star. "My name is Orion, and when it grows dark, I shall climb up into the heavens to give light to the weary sailor on the great sea," he called out to Little Hero. Pretty soon Little Hero saw him shining down from the sky above. After that, Little Hero fell asleep, and dreamed that a lovely lady dressed in a pink cloud, came walking over the sand. By her side was an old grasshopper. And as she drew nearer, she sighed, and the sea grass waved as if a little breeze had stirred it. Then tears began to fall from her sad eyes until the tall sea grass was covered with dewdrops. When Little Hero awoke, it

was morning, but he didn't know that the lady of his dream was Dawn.

After a little while a ship came towards the shore, and a great warrior stepped out and said, "I am Ulysses on my way home from Troy; please tell me the time; I forgot to wind my watch last night!"

"Won't you take me with you?" asked Little Hero.

"Come along," answered Mr. Ulysses. So Hero got aboard ship, and when the sail was hoisted, away they went until they reached the country of the Lotus-eaters, where they had to stop to get fresh water. But the men whom Mr. Ulysses sent on shore never would have returned to the boat if it hadn't been for Little Hero.

You see, they ate some of the Lotus plant, and as soon as they had eaten it, they forgot all about home, and if Little Hero hadn't begged them again and again

to return to the ship, they would have remained in the Lotus country forever.

After a while, and many a mile, they came to an island on which lived a giant with only one eye, right in the middle of his forehead. He was very different from the little girl who had a little curl that hung right down on her forehead, for when she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid, but this giant was never good. Oh, my, no! He was bad all the time, and sometimes worse!

Mr. Ulysses ordered his sailors to get out a jug of wine, and then they all set out to make a call on Mr. Poly Phemus, the one-eyed giant, who lived in a big cave. Just as they were about to knock on the door, the giant himself came along with a bundle of firewood in his arms.

"What do you want?" he asked, throwing down his bundle of wood, while his

great round eye in the middle of his forehead rolled this way and that way until it lighted on Little Hero, when it winked quite solemnly.

"We have brought you a jug of wine," answered Mr. Ulysses. "We are weary with our long voyage."

"Then stay for supper," said Mr. Poly Phemus. "But you must be patient while I make the fire and milk my goats." After he had driven them into the cave, he rolled up a great rock against the front door.

"I don't like that," thought Little Hero, "for how can we get out if this giant loses the key!"

Well, after a while, the giant became dreadfully ugly. Perhaps the smoke got into his one eye, and when you have only one eye and it gets full of smoke, of course it's very hard to see anything pleasant. Then, too, Mr. Ulysses and his sailors ate an awful lot, and it kept Mr. Poly Phemus

busy cooking. All of a sudden he picked up one of the sailors and would have killed him then and there if Little Hero hadn't waved his flaming gold feather in front of his one eye.

"Be sociable, Mr. Poly Phemus," said Mr. Ulysses. "We have brought you a jug of wine."

Mr. Poly Phemus, who had been too busy to think of the wine, let the sailor go, and after wiping his eye with his pocket handkerchief, which was as big as a sheet, drank the whole jugful and went to sleep.

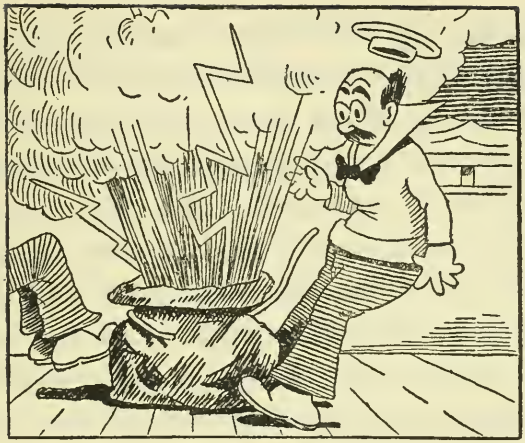
"Now's the time to escape," whispered Little Hero, squeezing through the crack in the door. But, oh, dear me, Mr. Ulysses couldn't get out. He was too big. Well, I don't know what would have happened if Little Hero hadn't tied one end of a rope around the big stone and the other end to the horns of an ox, who gave a great pull when Little Hero shouted,

"Gee, haw!" Away rolled the stone, and Mr. Ulysses and his sailors lost no time in getting aboard ship.

But, oh, dear me! When Mr. Ulysses called out, through the megaphone, "Good-by, Mr. One Eye!" the big giant woke up and rushing out of his cave, picked up an immense rock and threw it at them. Luckily it fell into the ocean, but with such a splash that the boat was nearly swamped, and all on board would have been drowned if Little Hero hadn't bailed out the water. I guess they all would have gone down to Mr. Davy Jones's Locker, which any sailor will tell you is the last place he wants to go to.

THE BAG OF WINDS

When the Sailors opened the Bag, out rushed all the Great Winds.



THE BAG OF WINDS

Mr. Ulysses was mighty glad to escape from the giant, Mr. Poly Phemus, and for a long time he wouldn't land anywhere, but at last when the drinking water was all gone, he made up his mind that he would dock his boat at the next island he came to and fill his Thermos bottles. Pretty soon they reached a beautiful island on which lived the King of the

Winds. So Mr. Ulysses ran his boat up to the wharf and made a call on the King.

Now this King was a very nice sort of a man and loved to play Bridge Whist, and Mr. Ulysses and Little Hero had a very nice visit, and when it came time to leave, the King said: "Here is a leather bag tied with a silver string. In it I have put all the storms and gales, and have commanded a fair wind to blow your ship to your country."

After thanking him for his kindness, Mr. Ulysses got aboard his ship.

"Blow, gentle winds, and carry us home,
Too long we have tarried on Old Ocean's foam.
I am weary and worn with pulling an oar,
So blow us safe home to my own native shore,"

sang Mr. Ulysses, and after that he fell asleep. But, oh, dear me! While he was dreaming he was safe at home with his wife, who had promised while he was away to knit him a beautiful woolen helmet and sweater, the sailors looked at the bag of winds and wondered what was inside. Some thought it might contain gold dollars, but one wise sailor said no, it was too light for that, but thought it might be full of Cigar Coupons. Well, anyway, they finally became so curious that they untied the silver string. Goodness me! Out rushed all the hurricanes and tornadoes, blowing the ship far, far away into the middle of the great blue ocean. When Mr. Ulysses woke up, he was so angry he could have thrown all the sailors into the water. But he didn't. He made them get out the oars and row.

Now I suppose you are wondering why

Little Hero didn't keep them from doing such a foolish thing as to untie the leather bag. But when I tell you why, you won't. You see, there were lots of rats in the ship, and every night, when everybody was asleep except the man at the tiller, they would come out of their hiding-places and eat up the Youmusthava Biscuit. So Little Hero made up his mind he'd catch those rats, and while he was down in the pantry setting a trap, the sailors had untied the silver string.

Well, it was dreadfully hard work rowing, so Little Hero got out the Grapho-phone and made it sing:

Pull, sailor boy, oh, pull for the shore,
Trust to your arm and the long bending oar.
You should not have freed the winds in the bag,
So pull, sailor boy, and don't stop or lag.

By and by they saw a lovely green island in the distance. Wasn't it lucky that the Graphophone happened to be on board? For without its music I doubt whether they ever would have reached land.

When they did, they were so tired that they threw themselves down on the beach and went to sleep for twenty-three minutes. But, goodness me! If they had known what they were going to find on the island, I'm sure they wouldn't have slept at all!

You see, this island was owned by the daughter of the Sun. She was a wicked magician, and whoever she touched with her magic wand turned into a pig. Wasn't that dreadful?

Now, Mr. Ulysses wasn't going to take any chances this time, although of course he didn't know what you and I know. So he sent forward some of his men to find

out who lived on the island. By and by they came to a palace, when, all of a sudden, they were surrounded by lions and tigers. But these animals were very tame, for they were really men over whom this wicked daughter of the Sun had thrown a spell.

Pretty soon they heard the sound of a woman's voice, and when the officer sailor called for help, the daughter of the Sun looked out and invited them in to a wonderful dinner. But, oh, dear me! As they dipped their fingers in the finger bowls, she touched them with her wand, and all, except the officer, who ran back to the ship, turned into pigs, who were immediately shut up in sties and fed on acorns and other things which pigs love.

As soon as Mr. Ulysses heard the sad news, he and Little Hero set out for the palace to rescue their friends. On the way Little Hero met a little messenger

boy named Mercury, with wings on his feet to make him swift to deliver telegrams and boxes of candy. When Little Hero told him what had happened, that wise little messenger boy said he knew of a plant that had magic power, and off he ran to get a sprig for Little Hero.

On reaching the palace, the daughter of the Sun invited Mr. Ulysses and Little Hero to dine, but when she tried to touch them with her magic wand, Little Hero was too quick for her. Waving the magic sprig in her face he shouted: "If you don't give us back our sailor boys, I'll cast a spell over you!" Goodness me! She was so frightened, because that magic sprig made her powerless to work further harm, that she at once changed the pigs back into sailors, and gave Mr. Ulysses some good advice, besides, to follow on his way home. It seems he had to pass some beautiful islands on which lived a band of

sea nymphs who sang such lovely songs that sailors couldn't pass by without landing on the islands, which were surrounded by sharp rocks that broke their boats all to pieces.

"Now we must follow her advice," said Mr. Ulysses, going down into the cabin to get wax with which to fill the ears of his sailor boys so that they couldn't even hear themselves think. Then he told them to bind him to the mast, for he was afraid that perhaps the songs would be so sweet that even he would be unable to resist them. It was a mighty good thing he was bound to the mast, for when they neared the islands and he heard the syren songs, he tried his best to get loose, but he couldn't, for a sailor knows how to tie a pretty fast knot, let me tell you. Anyway, Little Hero was at the tiller, and he wouldn't have turned the boat toward those islands for anything in the world.

Pretty soon the lovely music grew fainter and fainter, and the boat sailed on faster and faster, and by and by they came to a narrow strip of water flowing between two high cliffs on which lived two monsters, one in a cave just underneath the sky, and the other in a cavern deep below the water on the opposite side. Just as the ship was about to pass, the monster who lived on the top of the cliff, stretched forth her six heads and tried to snatch up the sailor boys, but Little Hero gave her six rats which he had caught in a trap, so she went back into her cave.

In a twinkling the other monster sent forth from her cave a great wave that nearly upset the ship, but luckily Little Hero saw it in time and steered the boat safely through the rough water.

By and by they came to another island on which the Sun God's two oldest daughters guarded his cattle, when Mr.

Ulysses docked his good boat and went ashore.

Now the Sun God had given command that no one, even if he were starving, should touch his cattle, and Mr. Ulysses, knowing this, cautioned his sailors not to harm them. But, oh, dear me! One day when all the food on the ship was gone, one of the sailors killed a cow. After that, of course, they all had to leave the island. They had gone only a little way when a terrible storm arose and a shaft of lightning broke the vessel to pieces, and if Little Hero and Mr. Ulysses hadn't managed to cling to some planks they would have been drowned with the poor sailors.

By and by they drifted on an island, where they made a raft and once more set sail. But, oh, dear me again! Another storm came up, and if a kind-hearted sea nymph hadn't given Mr. Ulysses her

magic girdle to bind around the planks, he and Little Hero would have been drowned.

Soon after that a kind wind blew them to a land where the people were such skillful shipbuilders that their ships flew as swiftly as birds and needed no pilots, for they knew every port and steered themselves.

Now Mr. Ulysses was so weary that as soon as he set foot upon shore, he lay down to sleep, and while he lay there, Little Hero walked off for some distance to look about him, when suddenly he came upon a lovely princess with her maidens. They were standing beside a fountain and the princess was singing:

"I dreamed that over the stormy sea
A warrior brave came sailing so free.
His eyes were bright with the light of truth,

And his arm was strong with the might of
youth,
And by his side was a brave little lad,
Who a sword and a flaming feather had."

As she finished her song, Little Hero jumped out from behind a tree. The lovely princess gave a scream and started to run away.

"Don't go," begged Little Hero. "My friend, Mr. Ulysses, is asleep on the shore, weary with a long voyage." After he had told her of all the troubles that had befallen them, she was so grieved that she asked him to bring Mr. Ulysses to her father's castle.

So Little Hero awoke Mr. Ulysses and the princess then led them to her father's palace. When the king heard their story, he promised to give Mr. Ulysses a ship to carry them home.

Then the princess said, "My king and

noble father, here is a little boy who is so fond of reading about the Country of the Gods that he has come to visit us," and she led Little Hero up to the throne.

"What your daughter says is true. He has been a good comrade," cried Mr. Ulysses. "Without his aid I should have perished."

As soon as the ship was ready, Mr. Ulysses and Little Hero once more set sail upon the deep blue ocean, and after a long time, arrived at Ithaca.

Now Mr. Ulysses had been away from home for more than twenty years. You see, he had gone to war with an army of famous Greeks, and while he was away, a number of bad men had tried to take his palace from his wife. But no sooner was he once more on his native shore, than the Goddess of War dressed him in an old beggar's clothes in order that the wicked men might not recognize him.

When he and Little Hero reached the palace, and were about to enter the gate, an old dog ran out. He would have licked his master's hand if Little Hero hadn't whispered, "Be careful or the people will know it's Mr. Ulysses." So that wise old dog only barked, pretending he didn't know his master.

Pretty soon the son of Mr. Ulysses invited them in to have something to eat, feeling sorry for the old beggar man, as he supposed his father to be, and for Little Hero, all tattered and torn with the long journey.

After a while Mr. Ulysses whispered who he was, and then all three went into the dining hall. As soon as the wicked men who were feasting at the table saw the old beggar, they began to laugh, and one of them threw a bone at him. But Mr. Ulysses kept his temper, and by and by his son suggested that they try their

skill with the bow and arrow. When no one was looking, he removed all the weapons except an old bow belonging to his father, which they were unable to bend.

"Let me try," said Mr. Ulysses. "Although I am a beggar, I was once a soldier."

This made them all laugh again, but they didn't laugh very long, for Mr. Ulysses easily bent the bow, and when he had fastened on the string, he let fly an arrow, killing the leader of those wicked men.

"I am Ulysses," he shouted, and out of the castle ran the wicked men. His faithful wife then threw her arms about his neck, and after a little while had him try on the wonderful woolen sweater and helmet she had knitted, which fitted him like the paper on the wall.

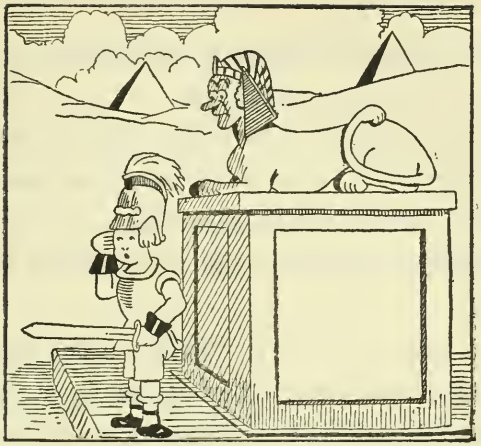
"Now my dear Pen-el-o-pe," for this was her name, said Mr. Ulysses, "I want

you to give something to my dear Little Hero, for without his help I would be at the bottom of the deep blue sea."

At once she brought out a splendid suit of clothes and a new pair of boots, and while Little Hero was dressing for dinner, Mr. Ulysses played with the old dog, for that old dog had missed him so that for twenty years he had never wagged his tail, not even once.

THE RIDDLESOME SPHINX

Mrs. Sphinx gave Little Hero a Riddle to solve.



THE RIDDLESOME SPHINX

Now that Mr. Ulysses was safe at home with Mrs. Ulysses, Little Hero once more set off on his journey, and after a while he came to a high rock on which crouched a huge monster, with the body of a lion and the head of a woman.

Little Hero didn't know it was the Sphinx, who for years and years had stopped every traveler to ask him a rid-

dle. And if he failed to answer it, she threw him over the rock.

As soon as she saw Little Hero, she said to herself, "I won't ask him the same old riddle," and she scratched her ear with her big furry foot and tried to think of a new one.

At last she cried, "Tell me the answer to this: What is it goes on four wheels in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?"

"Oh, dear me!" said Little Hero to himself, scratching his head and looking at the great big Sphinx, who looked just like a big immense cat except for her face!

"Hurry up," she cried, "you have only three minutes!"

Little Hero thought and thought, and by and by he guessed it. But before he answers, I'll give you three minutes to

solve it, so please don't read any further till you try.

Now the time's up, so I'll tell you what Little Hero said:

"I think I have the right answer, Mrs. Sphinx. It's a baby carriage in the morning, a bicycle at noon, and an invalid chair in the evening."

When the Lady Lion heard that she almost fell off her rock she was so surprised.

"Right you are, little man. You are the first who has ever guessed one of my riddles," and she lashed her tail she was so mortified. "I never thought a little boy could answer that riddle.

"For years and years I've asked each man
Who traveled by my throne,
And each has failed, while you, Hero,
Have guessed one all alone.

So go you may upon your way,
But tell it to no one, I pray;
For if you do the day you'll rue
You gave the Sphinx away."

By and by Little Hero saw a wonderful horse, with wings on either side of his back. No sooner had he called out, "Whoa there, you big Bird Horse!" than Pegasus, for that was his name, halted and asked: "What do you wish, little traveler?"

"I've never ridden a winged steed. Won't you take me on your back?"

"Not unless you find me a golden bridle," answered Pegasus, flapping his great wings and pawing the earth with his golden hoofs.

"Dear me," thought Little Hero, looking around for a bridle of gold, but of course there was none in sight. All of a

sudden a lovely lady handed him a beautiful shining one.

"Here, little boy," she said, "put it on your horse and ride away." No sooner was Pegasus bridled, than he flew across the blue heavens until he came to a high mountain where he had his stable.

"Sit down, little boy, and I'll tell you a story about myself," and he folded his great golden wings close to his side and commenced:

"Once upon a time a young man tried to ride me up to the Country of the Gods, but the king of that starry land sent a great gadfly to sting me. So remember, Little Hero, never urge me to carry you into that country." Then Pegasus went over to a rock and kicked it with his heels, when, all of a sudden, a stream of water rushed out, from which he quenched his thirst.

"Now, little boy, get on my back again, and we'll go for another ride." So off they went, as fast as a comet, and by and by they came to a man shearing a ram, whose fleece was as yellow as gold. When he had finished, he put the beautiful golden fleece in a strong box and hid it in a grove of trees where lived a dragon, whom he commanded to keep watch over it. Now this dragon never slept. He never closed his eyes, and of course was a wonderful watchman.

Hardly had Little Hero ceased to wonder at this strange happening, when a boat came up to the beach, which was close by, you know, and out jumped a number of men. As soon as the dragon saw them he made so much noise that the King of that country ran out of his palace and told their leader, whose name was Jason, that he couldn't have the fleece unless he

was able to hitch up a pair of fire-breathing oxen to a plow.

Little Hero felt dreadfully sorry for Mr. Jason, for he knew he would be burned by the fiery breath of those terrible oxen, so he set out as fast as he could for help. But of course he didn't know just where to go. But as he went along he met the daughter of the King who gave him a wonderful charm for Mr. Jason to use.

It didn't take Little Hero long to get back, and, wasn't it lucky? he got there just before those terrible roaring, flame-breathing oxen rushed out of the stable. Mr. Jason certainly would have been burned to a cinder if it hadn't been for that charm, for as they came toward him, their flaming breath burned up the grass and the leaves.

But Mr. Jason wasn't a bit afraid. He

walked towards them as brave as you please, with the magic charm in his hand, and said very gently, "Soo, Boss, Soo, Boss," and patted their necks, and after that he put on the yokes and hitched them up to the plow.

After the field was plowed, he put them back in the stable, and ran over to the grove to get the Golden Fleece. But, oh, dear me! That watchful dragon wouldn't let him touch it. So what was he to do?

"Wait a minute, Mr. Jason. I'll run back to the King's daughter and tell her what's the matter."

Well, she wasn't a bit surprised, but hurried upstairs to her room to get a little bottle of perfume, which she gave to Little Hero, who hastened back to Mr. Jason.

As soon as Mr. Jason had sprinkled a few drops on that dreadful dragon, he

THE KING'S DAUGHTER GAVE LITTLE HERO A WONDERFUL CHARM.

wanted some on his pocket handkerchief. Then he closed his eyes and rolled over sound asleep.

Quick as a wink, Mr. Jason picked up the Golden Fleece and with Little Hero at his side, ran down to the ship and sailed away. After many days they came to a beautiful green country, where Little Hero said good-by and went on his way.

By and by he came to the palace of King Midas, who, although a king, was very unhappy, because, once upon a time, he had made a wish that everything he touched might turn into gold. Goodness me! After that he was in a terrible fix. At breakfast, after he had broken his eggs, he couldn't eat them, for they had turned to gold, and a gold egg is more indigestible than a hard boiled one, let me tell you.

So, after a while, this poor King didn't know what to do. When Little Hero

came in sight, he said to himself, "Perhaps this strange little boy can help me," and he picked up his long robe and ran out to meet him.

After he had told all his troubles, he sat down on a stone and sighed, "Ah me, I wish I were a beggar!"

"Come with me, your Royal Highness," said Little Hero. "I know of a river that will wash away your golden sins," and he led the poor miserable Midas for many a mile, until they came at last to the little spring from which the river started.

"Dip in your fingers," cried Little Hero. Then what do you suppose happened? Why, all the sand turned into gold, with which Little Hero filled his pockets, for gold is a mighty good thing to have, let me tell you. It will take you to the end of the earth and back again, and maybe up to the moon and around the stars.

King Midas's hands were now just as they were before he had made his foolish wish; he could touch things and not have them turn into gold, which so delighted him that he cried: "Never will I be king again. I shall live in the country and build a little bungalow near the place where my good friend Pan lives."

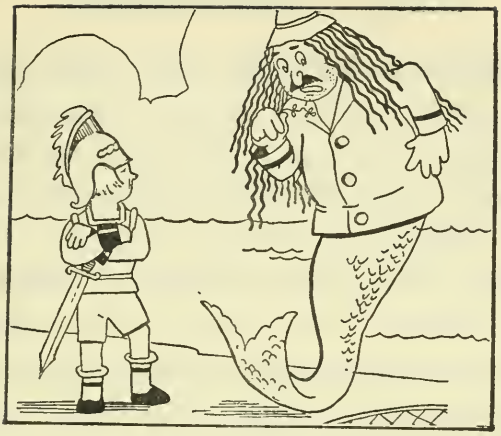
And you remember who Pan was, I'm sure. He had the feet and legs of a goat and was king of the shepherds. By and by they saw him playing on his musical pipes.

"I can play better than a bird can sing," he said, boastfully, which made a handsome young man named Apollo very angry. Now Apollo was the greatest musician of his day; and no sooner had Pan made this foolish boast, than Apollo took up his lyre and played such lovely music that every one for miles around gathered near. Pretty soon the king of

the mountain, who lived close by, shouted out in a loud voice that Pan's music wasn't one, two, three, and that his friend Midas should have another pair of ears, for his must be very poor to think that Pan's music was more beautiful than Apollo's. And then, all of a sudden, Midas found that he wore a pair of donkey's ears instead of his own.

ONE HUNDRED EYES

As soon as the Fisherman tasted the Magic Plant, he began to turn into a Fish.



ONE HUNDRED EYES

Mr. Argus had one hundred eyes. And let me tell you right away that he was a mighty good watchman, for a man with one hundred eyes is as good as fifty men with only two eyes.

He had a good job looking after a beautiful heifer! Now this beautiful young heifer had been a lovely maiden before a cruel spell had been cast over her.

"Listen to me, Miss Cow," said Little Hero, who saw in a minute what was the trouble. You see, he had read so many books in his father's library that he knew lots and lots of strange things,—"Go down to the river and write a letter to your father." So down to the water's edge ran the beautiful heifer and on the soft mud wrote her name with her hoof.

"Ah, my child, what can I do except give you a fresh drink of water each day," cried her father, the River God.

When Mr. Argus heard that, he drove her away from the river, and, sitting down on a rock, waited to see what might happen next.

Pretty soon along came a young man with wings on his feet. Goodness me! How he could run. Why, he ran faster than a messenger boy with a telegram! Laying aside his wings, he walked over to where Mr. Argus sat, with his hundred

eyes wide open watching the beautiful young cow.

"Hello there, Mr. Argus," said Mercury, for this was the wing-footed young man's name, "listen to my music," and he blew a sleepy tune on his wonderful pipes.

The eyes of Mr. Argus began to wink and blink, and pretty soon they closed, one by one, and before very long they were all tight shut. When his head fell forward on his breast and he began to snore, Mercury stopped playing and, pulling out his sword, cut Mr. Argus's neck in two, and down rolled his head with its hundred eyes into the river with a great splash.

Away went the beautiful young heifer, but she couldn't run fast enough to escape from a big tremendous fly that had a stinger as long as a wasp's, until she reached a river called the Nile, when the

fly grew so tired that it turned around and flew home, and the beautiful young heifer turned into a lovely maiden.

Long before this happened, however, Little Hero was once more on his way. After a while he came to a pond of clear water, by the side of which stood a mother with her children. She was just about to give them a drink when the countrymen who lived round about forbade her to touch the water. Some of them were even so cruel as to throw stones at her, while others stirred up the water to make it muddy.

When Little Hero saw how wicked they were, he grew very angry, and taking his flaming gold feather from his cap, waved it before their eyes;

"Now in this pond forever
And forever you shall stay;
Your voices shall be husky croaks
No matter what you say.

For he who is so cruel
To do what you have done,
Shall swim beneath the water,
And never, never run."

And, would you believe it? Quick as a wink, their backs became green and their breasts white, and they turned into frogs, with croaky voices.

Placing the flaming magic feather once more in his cap, Little Hero went upon his way. By and by, after a while, he came to a fisherman who had just drawn his net to land, and was sorting the fishes on the grass.

"I will give you some if you will help me," he said. But, all of a sudden, those fish, who had been nibbling the grass, wiggled their tails, and before you could say, "Jumping Jupiter!" flopped into the water and swam away.

"What have you done?" asked the

angry fisherman, for he thought Little Hero had thrown them back into the sea.

" 'Twas not my fault that they jumped into the water," replied Little Hero indignantly, looking closely at the little plant which the fish had nibbled. "I will tell you a secret." And Little Hero looked very wise, while the great lumbering fisherman looked very sulky, for he wouldn't believe that Little Hero hadn't thrown them back into the sea.

"This little plant has magic power," said Little Hero, handing a sprig to the fisherman.

"Nonsense," he answered, "you are making sport of me."

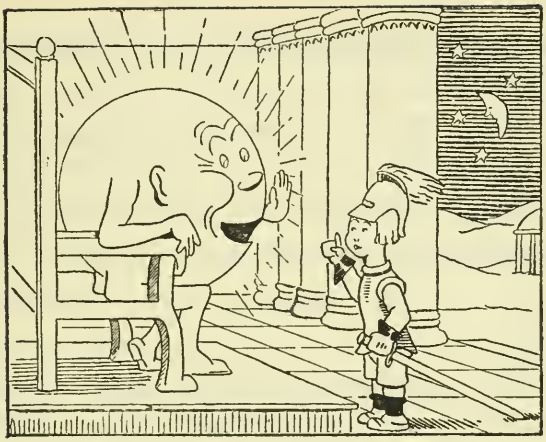
"Taste it," replied Little Hero. And, would you believe it? As soon as that big fisherman tasted it, his hair grew long and turned to a beautiful green color, his legs formed themselves into a fish's tail,

and he flopped into the big blue sea, singing as he swam away;

"I am a merman, yes, I am,
No longer I'll fish for lobster and clam,
Work like a slave with net and with trawl,
But swim in the ocean and laugh at the squall."

THE SUN KING

The Sun King wanted to know if Little Hero came from America.



THE SUN KING

In the eastern part of the Country of the Gods, in the Palace of the Sun, sat the King of the World on a sparkling throne. Near at hand stood Day, the Month and the Year, and behind them a group of lovely maidens called the Hours. Next came Spring, with a wreath of flowers, and Summer, with a garland of ripe grain, and Autumn, his feet stained with grape-

juice, and icy Winter, his hair bristling with icicles.

"What, ho!" cried the Sun King. "Is this a little boy from America?" And he began to laugh, and the Hours to sing a sweet song, and Winter to tinkle his icicles till they sounded like Christmas Bells.

"What would you have?" enquired the Sun King, beaming on Little Hero, while Day sang softly—

"Gather ye roses in the morn
Before Time comes a-reaping;
The sweetest buds a-smile at dawn
At eventide are weeping."

"I would like to ride in your chariot," answered Little Hero, bravely.

"I dare not take you," replied the Sun King. "The first part of the way is steep, and it's as much as my horses can

do to climb it even in the cool of the morning; and the middle is high up in the heavens, so far above the earth and the sea that it even makes me dizzy, and the last part of the road comes down so steep that my horses can hardly hold back the chariot."

But, would you believe it? Little Hero wasn't a bit frightened at this. "Take me with you, your Royal Highness. I have been over the high Heavens on a winged horse called Pegasus. I have no fear."

"Well, then, come along," answered the Sun King. "It's almost time to start," and he led Little Hero to the stable where he kept his fiery steeds and golden chariot.

As soon as they were harnessed, Dawn opened the purple doors of the East, and away went the golden chariot up the roadway of the sky. Mistress Moon, seeing the Sun King coming, gathered her lacy

clouds about her and with all her Stars, crept behind a dark mountain.

As the chariot climbed up the skypath, the birds in the wood awoke, the deer shook the dew from their horns, and the flowers opened their eyes; the sheep commenced to nibble the grass, the smoke to rise from the chimneys, and soon the big round world was awake.

On and on drove the great Sun God with Little Hero by his side, until they came to the steep part of the road leading into the West. "Now hold tight," shouted the Sun King, and down they sped through the tinted colors of the rainbow.

As they neared the end of the road, a great storm arose. Great, black clouds swept over the sky, and the first thing Little Hero knew he couldn't see the path at all. The horses began to snort, and

pretty soon became so frightened that they turned off the road altogether and fell down into the sea.

Just as they struck the water with a tremendous big splash, Neptune, the King of the Sea, came by in his wonderful sea-shell chariot drawn by beautiful sea-horses, and picked up Little Hero. Maybe he would have taken the Sun King aboard, too, only that monarch was so angry at falling out of the sky that he made his golden horses swim to land.

"You had quite a fall. You're not hurt, I hope," said King Neptune.

"Not a bit," replied Little Hero, smilingly, as the good-natured Sea King wiped his face with his pocket handkerchief, for the salt water had spattered all over him.

"Sky driving is pretty dangerous,—it's much safer on the water," remarked

King Neptune, as his horses leaped forward, leaving a long trail of foam behind them.

As they sped along, a hideous black serpent, head aloft and eyes blazing like coals of fire, rushed through the water. Way, way yonder one could just see the tip of its tail. Dear me, it was a dreadful long snake.

"By Jove," exclaimed Captain Nep,—beg pardon, I mean King Neptune,—"There goes that dreadful Sea Serpent. I suppose nobody will dare to bathe at Coney Island this summer."

All of a sudden, they heard a cry for help, and perceived a lovely maiden, chained to a rock, waving despairingly to them as the dreadful sea serpent swam toward her.

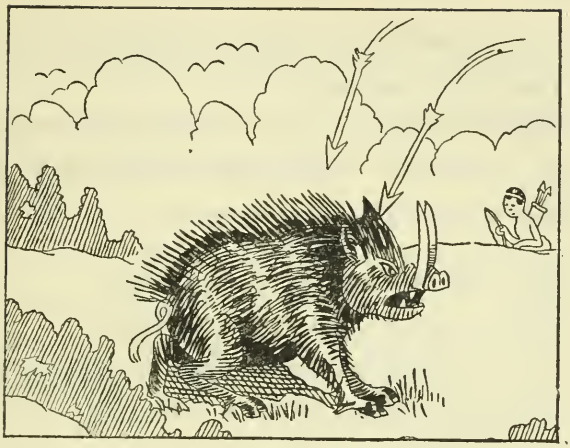
"Quick!" shouted Little Hero. "We must save her!" Drawing his sword, he ran to the bow of the sea-shell. Well, sir!

King Neptune made his sea-horses go so fast that they reached the rock just in time for Little Hero to run his sword through the wicked serpent. But before it died its breath turned the spray into steam and scorched the side of the sea-shell chariot.

Captain Neptune at once broke the chains that bound the lovely maiden and took her in his sea chariot to live with his mermaid daughters, and Little Hero once more set off upon his journey through the Country of the Gods.

THE MUSICAL MAN-HORSE

The Wild Boar's Hide was so tough that the arrows hardly hurt it.



THE MUSICAL MAN-HORSE

WELL, here we are again, telling what Little Hero does in the Country of the Gods.

One morning while traveling through a pleasant meadow he saw a horse with the head and shoulders of a man. But Little Hero wasn't surprised. And when you come to think of it, why should he have been? He had just seen a mermaid, who

is a fish, with the head and shoulders of a beautiful woman.

Well, anyway, he *was* surprised when this wonderful man-horse commenced to play on a harp and sing:

"Over the hill and over the plain
Ever I run with a sweet refrain.
I am a horse who can play on the harp,
And sing like Caruso 'way up to F Sharp;
And tho' I am mortal, when I come to die
I shall live on forever a star in the sky."

Then, brushing off a fly with his long, sweeping tail, he turned to Little Hero.

"Perhaps you have heard of me? I am Mr. Chiron. I once had for a pupil a little boy who afterwards grew up to be the greatest doctor of all times," and this big man-horse looked proudly about him and pawed the earth with his forefeet.

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Little Hero. "But I must be on my way, for I have much yet to see in this wonderful Country of the Gods."

"What you say is true," answered Mr. Chiron, bowing politely as Little Hero started off again on his journey of adventure. By and by he saw a great wild boar trampling down the cornfields and pulling the olive trees out by the roots. And, oh, dear me! That wild boar was a dreadful looking animal. The bristles stood out on its back like spears and its tusks were longer than an elephant's.

Presently a band of warriors set out to kill that dreadful boar. But before they loosed the dogs, they stretched strong nets from tree to tree. All of a sudden, out rushed the wild boar with a terrible roar. And, oh dear me again! Its hide was so tough that the arrows and spears hardly wounded it.

Just then a war-like maiden named At-a-lan-ta, who was fond of hunting, let fly an arrow, wounding it so severely that it stumbled, and before it could rise, a warrior ran it through with a spear.

"Let me shake hands with you, Miss At-a-lan-ta," cried Little Hero. "I have read of many famous women, but never one who handles the bow as well as you."

"Well, you should see me run," laughed Miss At-a-lan-ta, "there wasn't a boy in our school could keep up with me. To-morrow I run a race with a young man. Here's a box ticket if you'd like to come."

Little Hero was delighted, but before I go on with this story, I must tell you about the three golden apples which cost her the race; for very often it is the little things that keep us from winning the big things we're after.

Now this young man was so afraid he would be beaten, for Miss At-a-lan-ta was

swift of foot and had won every race she had entered, that he first called on the Goddess Venus and begged her to help him. When she learned what troubled him, she went out in her garden, and from a tree with yellow leaves and yellow branches, plucked three golden apples, which she gave to him, advising him how to use them, but under no condition to let any one know he had them. Hiding them in his pocket, he hurried back to the place where the race was to be held.

The grandstand was packed and the bleachers crowded with thousands of people, but, luckily, Little Hero had a front row box close to the track.

Pretty soon the race started, and away sped At-a-lan-ta. Before long the young man was all out of breath, so he dropped one of the golden apples and while she stopped to pick it up, he kept on running and so got some distance ahead.

Again she caught up to him, so he dropped another apple, and again this foolish girl stopped to pick it up. Nevertheless, she soon caught up to him. Then he dropped the third apple.

"Don't stop! don't stop!" shouted Little Hero. But, oh dear me! Either At-a-lan-ta didn't hear him, or else she thought she had time to spare. Anyway, while she stopped to pick it up the young man all out of breath just managed to win the race.

However, she wasn't the least bit provoked, and, strange to say, she told him so, which he thought showed so sweet a disposition that he asked her to marry him and invited Little Hero to the wedding.

You may be sure it was a grand affair, and the next morning At-a-lan-ta stewed one of the golden apples for breakfast.

But, oh dear me! Something dreadful

happened after that. Because the young man forgot to thank Venus, she changed them both into lions.

Then Little Hero went upon his way with a serious face, for he had learned two things, which were: first, keep your mind on the thing you're after, and let nothing turn you from it; and, second,—never forget to thank the one who has done you a favor.

THE SPOOL OF THREAD

After the exciting adventure in the last chapter in which the swift-footed At-a-lan-ta had lost the race because she had stooped to pick up the golden apples, Little Hero heard a mother tell her son to lift up a great rock, for underneath was hidden the sword and shoes which his father had placed there. You see, his father didn't want him to have them until

he was strong enough to lift the great stone.

The young man lifted it with ease and, putting on the shoes, buckled the sword to his side and started off for a large city called Athens. As he turned to go, he saw Little Hero.

"Come with me and be my comrade," he said, with a pleasant smile.

Towards evening, they came across a ferocious savage, armed with a club of iron, who attacked all travelers who passed his way. As soon as he saw Little Hero and Theseus, for this was the young man's name, he rushed at them with his great iron club upraised, and if Little Hero hadn't tripped him up by thrusting his sword into his leg, he would have killed them both. But as soon as he stumbled, Theseus ran his sword through him and took away his great iron club,

which he carried ever after in memory of his first battle.

"Now, little comrade," he said, "who has so bravely helped me in my first adventure, let us go upon our way." By and by they came to a place where lived a dreadful monster. His cave was deep in the wood and the path that led to it was so crooked and twisted that it was impossible for any one who had once entered to find his way back. But Theseus was determined to slay the monster and boldly started down the crooked path.

"Wait a minute," said Little Hero, taking out of his pocket a spool of thread, one end of which he gave to Theseus, at the same time cautioning him not to break it. Then Theseus again set off, and on reaching the monster, slew him with his sword. Still holding on to the string, he made his way back to Little Hero, when

they both set off again in search of adventure.

After a while Little Hero saw a maiden sorting out the grain which the Goddess Venus had in store for her pigeons. It was no easy task, for the wheat and barley were mixed in with the millet and beans.

"Ah me," sighed the maiden, and so busy was she that she did not notice Little Hero, but kept diligently at her work.

Now Little Hero felt so sorry for her that he asked a little ant to help her. At once the little ant went into her anthill and summoning all her friends, in a short time they had separated the grains, when they vanished from sight, and none too soon, for all of a sudden the Goddess Venus herself arrived.

"This is no work of yours, wicked one," she cried, and commanded the poor girl to perform another task, which was to shear a sample of wool from each gold-fleeced

WHEN THE MAIDEN TRIED TO CUT OFF THE FLEECE, THE SHEEP RAN AWAY.

sheep in a herd near by. But, alas! when the maiden tried to cut off the fleece, the sheep ran away. When Little Hero saw this, he leaned over the river and asked the King of the Waters to help her. Suddenly the reeds along the river bank began to sing:

"The woolly sheep with fleece of gold
At noontime seek their rest
Beneath the tall trees' leafy shade
Along the woodland crest.

"Then from the prickly bramble bush
And thorny little trees
You'll find their woolly golden fleece
A-swaying in the breeze."

Wasn't the River God kind to whisper this through the reeds? Straightway the maiden did as she was commanded and, gathering her apron full of the woolly gold, waited for the Goddess Venus. But when she returned, she was still not satis-

fied, and with an angry gesture, turned the lovely maiden into a butterfly, who at once flew away. By and by she alighted on a red rose.

"Where are you going?" asked Little Hero. "And are you not sad to lose your human form?"

"No, indeed, little boy," replied the lovely butterfly. "When the body has grown weary, the Soul takes wings and flies away." Then she fluttered to a white rose, and as it swayed to and fro in the summer wind, she sang softly:

"Once I was an ugly thing
Upon the earth that crept,
Until I spun a soft cocoon
To hold me while I slept.

"Then when the Spring began to sing
Its sweet awakening lay,
I found myself a butterfly
With wings to fly away."

"I don't understand your song," said Little Hero.

"Little man," answered the lovely butterfly, "there are many things you will never understand until you have suffered much," and she flew away, leaving him to puzzle over her words.

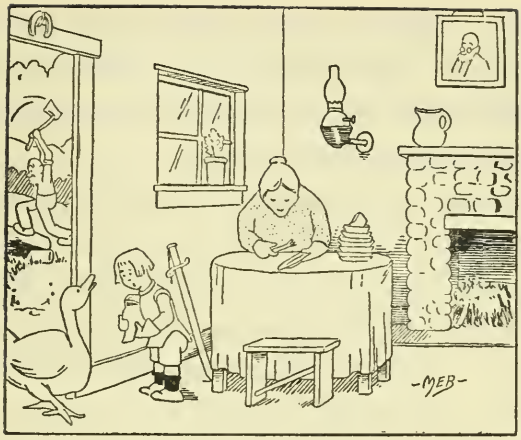
Well, after a while, as he journeyed along, Little Hero came to the Underworld, a dark and gloomy place, through which a great river flowed ever silently. Just then an old man named Charon rowed up and invited Little Hero to cross over in his boat. When he and Little Hero reached the opposite shore a three-headed dog named Cerberus barked so fiercely that the old ferryman had to cuff him to keep him quiet. I guess it was the first time the old dog had seen a little boy from America!

"Show me the flowery fields where the happy spirits dwell," cried Little Hero.

So the old ferryman pointed to a path which led Little Hero to a flowery meadow where the bluebirds sang all the year round and the flowers never faded, where happy children played together, and their parents rested from the toils of the world.

Then he turned back to the river and the old ferryman rowed him across before the three-headed dog woke up.

"Good-by, Mr. Charon. Thank you for the boat ride," and Little Hero went back to the upper world, once more to meet the great heroes of fame and fable.



THE GIANT'S WEAPONS

One day as Little Hero proceeded on his journey through the Country of the Gods, he came to the top of a hill on which stood two trees, a linden and an oak, in front of a humble cottage. Weary with his journey, he knocked upon the door.

Now, although he had stopped at many a palace that day, none had asked him in, but had turned him away with a surly an-

swer. The two old people, however, who lived in this humble cot, received him kindly, and the old lady at once set about preparing supper for him.

While the old man was outside gathering fire-wood, an old goose waddled in through the door and said to Little Hero, "These aged people are very poor and needy, but they will give you the best they have." This set our little traveler to thinking how all the rich people to whom he had spoken that day had turned him away. Suddenly, while the old lady was setting the table, he remembered his magic feather. So, after supper, he walked outside to speak to the old goose.

"What would best suit these aged people?" he asked. And the goose replied, "They are good and pious. Change their humble hut into a temple, and let them spend the remainder of their days keeping it in order."

Then Little Hero waved his magic feather, and, low and behold, massive columns took the place of the old wooden corner posts, the mildewed thatch grew yellow and turned into a gilded roof; the floor became marble and the door wondrously carved with figures of gold, and in place of the humble cottage there stood a beautiful temple.

Oh, little hut, how fast you grew
Into a temple tall.
Your thatched roof turned a golden dome,
High o'er a marble hall,
Because a deed of kindness wrought
What precious gold could ne'er have
bought.

When the two old people learned that they were always to have the care of that beautiful temple, they were so pleased that they hardly knew how to thank Little Hero. So he did not linger, but went

upon his way, and long, long afterwards, when these old people grew too weak to work, they changed into two beautiful trees which took the place of the linden and the oak, and the old goose became a gilded weathergoose to tell pilgrims the direction of the restless wind.

Well, after that, Little Hero climbed up a mountain nearby where he met a giant with a huge hammer, which had the magic power of returning to the hand that threw it. Around his waist was a belt that gave him great strength, and on his hands a pair of iron gloves.

On seeing Little Hero, he called out in a voice of thunder, "Who dares invade my mountain kingdom?"

"I am a traveler and would see strange sights," replied Little Hero, looking admiringly at the great hammer and the wonderful belt and iron gloves.

"So you like my weapons," said the

giant in a kind voice, taking up the hammer and throwing it at a great oak tree, which cracked in two and fell down the mountainside as the great hammer came back to his hand.

Then tightening his belt he lifted up a huge rock and hurled it high into the air.

All of a sudden an immense bear rushed out of a cave, but the giant laid hold of him with his iron gloves, crushing him so tightly that the bear begged for mercy.

"I'll spare you if you'll promise to be my servant," said the giant. And the bear didn't waste any time in promising, let me tell you.

"Come along, little boy," said the giant. So Little Hero and the bear followed him to a great rocky castle near a mountain stream that flowed down into the valley and wandered through green fields where the cattle grazed and the nymphs danced at night.

"This is where I live," said the giant, taking a great key out of his pocket and unlocking the door. "And this is where I eat," showing Little Hero a large dining hall.

Presently the bear stood on his hind legs to open a jar of honey which stood on the sideboard. But the giant was so good-natured that he never said a word, which made Little Hero feel quite at home.

After a while the giant sat down to the piano and sang:

"Way up on the mountain, tip top, tip top,
I have my castle and iron shop,
Where I make iron mittens for big strong men,
And hammers that turn to your hand again,

And belts of strength that will never break,—
Oh, I am a giant strong and great!"

Then he laughed so loud that the honey jar toppled off the sideboard and broke all to smithereens, but he didn't care, for he had a million bees, which he kept in a great glass house full of lovely sweet flowers from which the bees sipped the sweet juice and filled little wax boxes with honey.

Little Hero remained only a short time with the giant for he wished to see more of this strange country, and a traveler must be ever on the go if he wishes to get anywhere. So off he started down the mountainside, and by and by he saw a maiden standing alone upon the green meadow. Her face was turned toward the Sun, and as the Golden God traveled

through the high heavens, her eyes ever followed his flaming chariot. Little Hero didn't know that for many days she had stood in that one spot without food and drink.

As he gazed at her, her feet and limbs slowly changed into a graceful stalk and her face into a flower, while from a nearby bush a little yellow bird chanted:

"She loved the Sun God in his wagon of flame
As swift through the sky every morning he came,
He spoke not a word to the maid in despair
Standing lone on the meadow with wind-tossed gold hair,

But swift o'er the heavens he rolled in his car
To the West where the portals of gold were ajar,

At last the sad maiden took root in the
mold
And changed to a sunflower glistening
with gold."

"I shall never see a sunflower without thinking of this sad-eyed maiden," thought Little Hero, turning his steps toward a grove of trees. There sat a beautiful maiden weaving a wondrous piece of embroidery.

"May I look at it?" asked Little Hero, politely. And the maiden answered "Yes," adding that she was trying her skill against that of a goddess.

"You are doing a dangerous thing," said Little Hero, for he had learned much about gods and goddesses during his journey through this strange country. And so have you, I hope, little readers of this story.

As he finished speaking, an old woman

drew near and in a low voice warned the maiden not to stir up the wrath of the goddess. But the maiden only laughed and went on with her weaving. Whereupon the old woman dropped her cloak and mask.

Oh, dear me! How frightened that maiden was when she saw it was the very goddess herself, but she kept to her work, although the goddess sat down and commenced to weave a cloth that far exceeded in beauty that of the maiden.

Then the goddess arose and said:

"Hereafter you shall be a spider, spinning your web upon the bushes." At once the maiden changed into a little black spider, which spun a silver web upon a lilac bush.

After that the goddess disappeared, and Little Hero went upon his way through the wonderful Country of the Gods, and by and by he came to an island where a

man and his son were busily making wings for themselves.

Now, this man had made King Minos angry, for which he had been imprisoned in a tower on this island. As he could find no way to escape, he had decided to make wings for his son and himself with which to fly like birds across the water to the mainland that lay afar off.

For many weeks he had asked the birds to give their feathers, and when he had enough he set to work. Now, the larger feathers he bound together with threads and the small ones with wax, and when the wings were finished he fastened the smaller pair on his son's shoulders and said:

"My son, do not fly too high or the heat will melt the wax. Neither fly too low for the dampness will clog the feathers."

Then they set off, but, oh dear me! That little boy disobeyed his father and

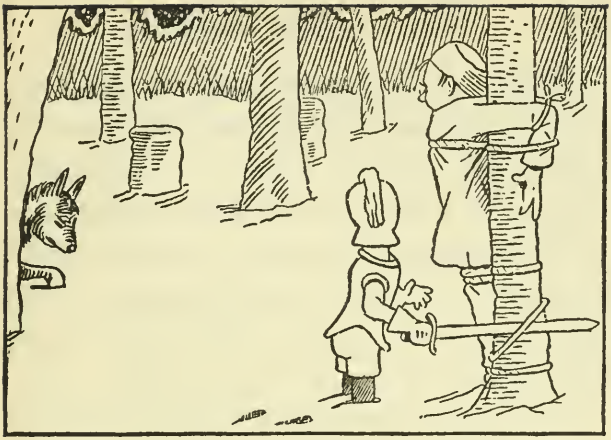
flew so close to the hot sun that the wax melted and the feathers dropped off and strewed the water, until he could fly no longer and fell into the deep blue sea. The poor father could not save him, for the deep blue sea at once swallowed up the little boy because of his disobedience.

"I will make you a pair of wings," said the unhappy man to Little Hero, who you can well believe didn't fly too high, but crossed over the water safely to the opposite shore.

There stood a fisherman who had just picked up the spine of a fish. Now, this was nothing so very wonderful in itself, but in the Country of the Gods, where there were no carpenters at that time, it gave this man an idea. Taking a piece of iron, he notched it on the edge and made a saw. And this is how the first saw was invented.

It seems strange that Little Hero

should have been there just at that time. Had he waited longer he might have seen this wonderful inventor pushed from a high tower by an envious man. But, luckily, the Goddess Minerva saw him falling and changed him into a partridge. And from that day this bird never builds its nest in trees nor lofty places, but nestles in the hedges, ever mindful of its fall from the high tower.



THE WOLF MAN

THE snow was falling from the four corners of the sky, and the cold north wind whistling its icy tune through the tree tops as Little Hero entered a deep forest. Suddenly he came to a young man bound fast to a tree, who called out faintly:

"Little boy, I fear I shall perish."

But just as Little Hero was about to cut the ropes with his sword, a large gray wolf appeared.

"Leave this young man to me," he snarled. Poor Little Hero, not knowing what to do, offered him the honey which the giant of the mountain had given him.

"This is kind of you," said the great gray wolf, licking up the honey. But when he asked for more, Little Hero tremblingly replied he had none left.

"You have been kind to me and I will reward you," said the Wolf, and he gnawed the ropes and set the young man free.

"Now come with me," he said. But the poor young man had been bound to the tree so long that he could barely move, so the big wolf took him on his back, and after traveling a long way, they came to his house. But no sooner did the great animal open the door, than he changed into a man.

"Have no fear," he said, "I will not harm you," and he beckoned to them to

follow him. Presently they found themselves in another room where twelve men, armed with bows and arrows, sat around a large table.

"I have brought two friends to help us in our adventure," he said in answer to their surly glances. Pretty soon, while Little Hero and the young man were warming themselves by the fire, they began to sing:

"Forest robbers are we, and bold,
And we laugh at the North Wind chill and cold,
For it numbs the traveler through and through,
And helps with the work we have to do,
For we rob all travelers night and day,
And their purses of gold we take away."

"S-s-s-sh," cried the Wolf Man, "you will frighten our friends!" But Little

Hero wasn't frightened in the least. Oh, my no! He had been through so many adventures that a little thing like that didn't bother him at all.

"Come, my men," said the Wolf Man. "Make ready," and at once they all put on their coats and caps and took their bows down from the wall.

As soon as they were outside, the Wolf Man changed himself into a wolf. "You come along, too," he said to Little Hero, but he told the young man to sit by the fire until their return.

After a long way, they came to a road, when the robbers hid themselves, but the wolf waited by the roadside.

By and by along came five men on white horses. When the foremost rider saw the wolf, he gave a great hello, and all the riders jumped down with their bows and arrows and started to run after the wolf

as he disappeared in the wood. Now this is just what the Wolf Man wanted them to do, so that his men, who were hidden among the trees, could spring out and rob them. But before the horsemen had made even two or three steps, Little Hero jumped out and no sooner had he explained to them, than, quick as a wink, they placed him on a horse and galloped away, and although the Wolf Man and his robbers shot their arrows after them, no one was hit.

"Well, little man," said one of the men, "you did us a good turn. What can we do for you?"

"Take me down to the seashore," replied Little Hero, "for I wish to ask a favor of King Neptune."

When he was alone, he hunted along the beach until he found a horn-shaped shell, upon which he blew three long blasts. All

of a sudden old Neptune, King of the Sea, drove up in his great shell boat drawn by his foamy sea-horses.

"Hello, Little Hero," roared the great Sea King in a voice that sounded like a gust of wind down the chimney on a stormy night, "what makes you blow three blasts upon the shell whistle?"

"I'll tell you," answered Little Hero. "My father once said he would never grow old if he ate one of the Golden Apples that grow in the Gardens of the West."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed King Neptune, " 'tis a long journey thither."

"Yes, I know that only too well," answered Little Hero, sorrowfully, and I guess King Neptune noticed the sadness in his voice although the great waves were making a dreadful noise on the rocky beach.

"Do you really wish to go to the Gardens of the West?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," answered Little Hero, eagerly.

"Well, then, jump into my chariot," said Neptune. "But you must get me a golden apple, for I've promised my wife that some day she should have an apple tart made with an apple from the Gardens of the West, and when a king makes his wife a promise he always keeps it, although I've heard that sometimes an ordinary business man breaks his."

In less time than I can take to tell it, Little Hero jumped into the chariot-boat, and away went the great sea-horses, their manes flying in the wind and their great fore feet sending the spray high in the air. Over the golden roadway which the setting sun threw far across the ocean they flew, the chariot of shell gleaming in the light like a huge golden ball.

"Faster, faster!" shouted King Neptune. "On, Billow! On, Breaker! On,

Boomer! On, Tempest!" And then you should have seen those horses go! Why, it seemed to Little Hero as if they must break the seaweed harness and crack their beautiful pink coral collars. But they didn't, and by and by the stars came out and the golden roadway faded till it was lost in the darkness, but the sea-horses knew the way, so King Neptune said, and I guess he was right, for he had driven them for many years, ever since the world began, before Noah built the Ark and the Man in the Moon got married.

"We'll soon be there," said Neptune, but hearing no answer from the little boy, he turned to find him sound asleep.

When the sun came up the next morning its bright rays woke Little Hero, who jumped up with a start, forgetting that he was in King Neptune's chariot on the way to the Gardens of the West.

"How did you sleep?" asked the Sea King, turning his foamy horses to the right to avoid a big rock that jutted out of the water.

"Very nicely, thank you," answered Little Hero, rubbing his eyes.

Presently they came to a beautiful island covered with trees on which hung thousands of golden apples, glittering in the morning sun.

"Well, here we are," said Neptune, landing Little Hero safely on the beach. "I'll call for you in a little while."

"Thank you," said Little Hero, and he bravely set out for the golden orchard. But, oh, dear me. He had gone only a short distance when he heard a terrible roar, and a fierce dragon rushed out from beneath the trees.

"Who dares trespass on my island, and who dares come into my garden?" shouted

the dreadful dragon, lashing his tail and rolling his eyes till Little Hero trembled from head to toe.

"Please, Mr. Dragon, I've a great favor to ask of you. I've come across the great ocean, all the way from America, to ask you for one of your golden apples."

"My apples are not for sale," roared the dreadful dragon.

"Oh, dear!" cried Little Hero. "I don't want the apple for myself. I want to give it to my father to eat so he'll never grow old."

When the dreadful dragon heard that, he went up to one of his trees and picked off an apple. "Here, take it," he said, rather crossly. "As long as you've gone to so much trouble for somebody else, I'll do you a favor. But, be careful; don't lose it." And then, would you believe it? Little Hero looked so happy that the dragon picked off another apple. "Here,

keep this for yourself, but begone, for if I find you here when I return I will eat you up!" and the dragon turned away without another word and went into his big cave.

"Well, I've got the apples," thought Little Hero.

And he walked back to the beach. But Neptune was nowhere in sight. All of a sudden, a Dolphin swam up to the land.

"What do you wish, Little Hero?" she asked.

"Will you tell King Neptune I am ready to leave and have an apple for him," answered Little Hero, for he remembered how anxious Neptune was to give his wife one of those golden apples.

"But I must hurry, because the dragon vowed he would eat me if he found me here upon his return."

At once an anxious expression spread over the Dolphin's face.

"Dear me!" she cried. "King Neptune is very busy just now."

Little Hero looked sadly across the big wide sea.

From afar off came the roar of the angry sea, and the dark and lowering clouds left no doubt in his mind that a big storm was about to break.

"Does Neptune always have to stay until the storm is over?"

"Yes, he is King of the Sea," replied the Dolphin, "and not only does he stir up the waters with his trident, but also when his wrath is spent, smooths out their ruffled madness. I dare not go near him until his temper has spent itself."

"What shall I do?" asked poor Little Hero, and he thought he saw a tear fall from the soft blue eye of the Dolphin—or was it a drop of sea spray?

Something in the expression of her face made him turn. There in the entrance

of his big cave stood the angry dragon.

"What shall I do?" moaned Little Hero. "Nothing can save me now!"

As if in answer to his question he heard above the roaring of the storm, "Who-o-o! Who-o-o!"

Could it be the Wind Wagon?

Looking up he saw the rainbow colors of the pinwheels. And the next instant with a sudden dip the Wind Wagon stood before him.

No sooner was he safely inside than it rose swiftly and none too soon, for he could feel the hot breath of the dragon, and he knew he had escaped just in time.

Out in the distance where the sky meets the sea, the dark angry clouds had changed to pink and purple, gold and blue. Little Hero knew the storm was over. Across the calm waters came the four great sea-horses and the sound of King Neptune's voice shouting, "Gid-up, Tem-

pest! Faster, Breaker! On with you, Billow! Swifter, Boomer!" Throwing out their golden hoofs, they sped onward, until King Neptune, glancing upward, saw Little Hero waving to him from the Wind Wagon.

"Here is your apple," called out Little Hero, as he dropped it into the sea.

He watched the little Dolphin dive after it, and as she passed it to Neptune, it seemed to Little Hero way up among the clouds as if the foamy Sea King had caught up all the sunbeams in the hollow of his hand.

"Good luck to you," said the foamy Sea King. "I hope your father never grows older."

Soon Neptune faded in the distance, then the sea was left behind and the busy earth lay below, with its cities, forests and mountains.

Faster and faster went the pinwheels

until they brought the Wind Wagon over the very house in which Peter lived. With a swift dive it stopped at the library window. Peter stepped out, hoping that no one had missed him. He was glad to be safely home again. He stretched out as he settled more comfortably in the big arm chair. Sleepily he looked up at the clock. It was almost six. "In one minute I will tell the Knight of my adventures," said Peter. Instead, however, when the little clock door opened, the old familiar cuckoo called the hour.

Peter jumped from the chair. "The Apple!" he cried. "It must be in the Wind Wagon." He ran to the window. Way off in the distance a tiny speck against the sky was all that was left of the Silver Chariot.

Whenever Peter hears "Who-o-o, Who-o-o!" he knows the Wind Wagon is not far away. Of course his father tells

him it is only the wind. But Peter knows better. Some day he hopes the Wind Wagon will return and bring him the golden apple.

And now our Little Journey to Happyland is ended. Shall we take another, little reader, in the Magic Umbrella? That's the title of the next book in this series.

THE END